

# B#Y

## Basic Boy

You know my homies call me  
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy  
And all them haters call me  
Toy, toy, toy, toy, toy  
Don't give a fuck about them all  
All, all, all, all, all  
I will be standing when you  
Fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, fall

Fallen empires  
I stay above 'em  
It's always 'bout it  
None of y'all fucking with my squadron  
Y'all cicadas  
Chirp chirping 'bout that Prada  
'Saci  
'Scada  
'Ciaga  
Saga of a swagger  
Scrooge McJagger!  
Imma need new clothes  
People need new voice  
Well I got one solution  
And I think they got no choice  
Roaring like a Ford  
Rocking twenty four's  
K's AK's and suitcase  
Well all the things I can't afford

You know my homies call me  
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy  
And all them haters call me  
Toy, toy, toy, toy, toy  
Don't give a fuck about them all  
All, all, all, all, all  
Imma be stunnin' and I  
Ball, ball, ball, ball, ball, ball

Bitch you better come correct  
Or bitch I say protect your neck  
I ain't mean no backstabbing  
But at least show some respect  
I'm on a nice shit  
Acting like viceless  
At least not heartless  
Yeah boy that's my bitch  
So hide your envy  
Up in your Bentley  
No cash at all  
So we go crazy  
Liquorish  
Hazy  
Now I'm on that dirty dancing  
You can call me Patrick Swayze

Boy  
London

Boy  
Basic  
Boy  
New York  
Don't know where life will take us  
But if she separates us  
Then she's a bitch  
And I think  
I hope  
That she is not  
I mean  
I would like to see that bitch is hot  
Higher Imma fly  
Harder Imma fall  
But 'til that moment  
Imma running to the goal  
Maybe walk is slow  
But club is still be dope  
And Imma coming home  
Only with success in hands  
Only with a couple bands  
So I can show ma parents that  
I did my motherfucking best  
Now fuck the rest!  
It was quite obvious  
I'm blowing like Vesuvius  
And y'all the Pompeii  
I'm burning all it's citizens  
It was quite obvious  
I'm blowing like Vesuvius  
And y'all the Pompeii  
I'm burning all it's citizens  
On my concerto, baby  
So fuck you, fuck you  
Pay me  
So fuck you, fuck you  
Pay me  
Boy!

You know my homies call me  
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy  
And all them haters call me  
Toy, toy, toy, toy, toy  
Don't give a fuck about them all  
All, all, all, all, all  
Look down at 'em and they  
Crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl

And all 'em haters call me  
... all 'em haters call me  
Don't give a fuck about 'em  
... give a fuck about em  
Give a fuck about em

Give a fuck about em